Iron County Register.

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, : : MISSOURI.

"ALAS! HOW EASILY THINGS GO WRONG."

BY MABEL H. ROBINS.

"DO you mean to say that you are going out riding alone with that—that bounder, Osbert Bowden?"

Neil Chester's eyes flashed dangerously, and there was an authoritative tone in his voice.

Alyne Fortescue raised her head with a haughty gesture.

"I am going out riding alone with Mr. Bowden," she cried, willfully, "and will you please remember, before you call him names, that you are speaking of a friend of mine!"

"Friend or not," angrily, "I will not allow such a thing. I forbid you to go."

Alyne's eyes blazed.

"You seem to be anticipating matters," she said. "You and I are not married—yet. I have not promised to obey you—yet."

"At least," his tone softening, "an engaged girl should respect the wishes of her fiance."

"Not when they are unreasonable."

"Unreasonable?" hotly. "Do you think it unreasonable because I refuse to allow you to go out with a man with such a reputation as he has?"

"Allow! Allow!" she cried, pettishly. "I will not listen to such a word from you!"

A flash of anger again crossed his face.

"Then you persist in going on this excursion, contrary to my wishes?"

"Most certainly I do."

"Then," passionately, "you may choose between us. I will not marry a girl who has anything to do with a scoundrel like Osbert Bowden. Unless you promise to give up this ride, I shall break off the engagement."

She looked at him a little fearfully for a moment, and then she threw her head back and laughed. Of course, he did not mean it—he would never carry out his threat. And it was a great mistake giving in to a man before marriage. What would he be like after?

"That is a matter," she said, proudly, "in which you can do as you like. I certainly mean to ride this afternoon with Mr. Bowden."

Neil's face grew very pale.

"Think of what you are doing," he said, warningly. "I am not a boy to be tossed aside like a woman's plaything. If you send me away now I shall not come back."

Alyne shrugged her shoulders.

"You can do exactly as you please," she answered, defiantly.

She was the darling of her father's heart. All her life long she had been spoiled and allowed to have her own way. She never imagined for a moment that Neil would not give in at once.

He looked at her with stern, angry eyes.

"Then you persist in going out with Osbert Bowden?" he said.

"I have told you so many times," crossly. "Of course, I am going. I promised Mr. Bowden, and I am not one to break my promise. I only wish I had never told you."

"Then," slowly, "there is nothing to do but to say good-by," and he took up his cap and strode toward the door.

She watched him as he went, and her eyes grew dark. But her head was still as high as ever.

"You mean to say that our engagement has come to an end?" she said.

"I mean to say that our engagement has come to an end."

"This is what you have been working for," she cried, passionately. "You never loved me, and you catch at the smallest excuse to break it off. You want to marry Amy Tilden, I suppose; she has more money than I. Oh," recklessly, "it is just as well—just as well. It is better to find out our mistake beforehand."

"Just as well," he said, in a white rage. "For you could not have loved me much to go out riding alone with another man—and such a man! Good-by."

And he turned the handle of the door and went out, and, as if in a dream, she listened to his retreating footsteps until she could hear them no longer.

And then, with a sudden impulse, she sprang up to call him back. But, alas, it was too late. She only caught a glimpse of his tall, straight figure as it disappeared down the drive. Should she run after him? Should she stay him? For a moment it seemed as if she would go, and then pride rose up to deter her. He would triumph—he would exult—he would think he had got his way! No! It was his place to apologize—his place to say he was sorry. She would leave him to sulk as he pleased; he would soon get over it and come back and plead her pardon for all the harsh things he had said.

And she determined that she would not too easily forgive him—he must have a lesson—it would do him good in the end. Nevertheless she thought she would not go out riding with Osbert Bowden—not because Neil had told her not to do so—oh, dear, no! He had nothing to do with it. But she did not want to go; she did not care for the man particularly. Compliments flowed too profusely from his lips to please her.

She wrote a little note and sent it round, and then she wondered what she should do. There seemed nothing in the world to do. She wished Neil would come back.

But the day dragged on, and a week dragged on, and still he did not come; a terrible fear began to spring up in Alyne's heart. And then she met the friend with whom Neil had been staying the last few months.

She was too proud to ask him after Neil—she would not allow the world to know they had quarreled. But at last he alluded to him himself.

"No," he said, in answer to a question of her's, "I have done no shooting since Chester left."

"Left!" repeated Alyne, almost below her breath, while her heart seemed to stop beating.

"Yes—since he went on this mad expedition of his to Central Africa. I told him he was a perfect lunatic to go."

"Central Africa?" and her voice sounded far away, while all the color fled from her face.

"Yes. Didn't you know?" He looked curiously at the girl. He had imagined from Neil's manner that there had been a quarrel of some sort.

But Alyne turned away—she was too stunned to answer.

"He went off one day last week," he continued; "he seemed upset about something or other. I could not persuade him to stay an hour longer."

A bitter laugh fell from Alyne's lips.

"Has he gone to shoot big game?" she cried, harshly. "I hope he will have good sport," and then she nodded her head by way of adieu and hurried away home.

But, alas, her heart was breaking—breaking. Why had she not run after him that day in the drive? A little word, a whisper, would have made it all right. But now it was too late, and he had broken with her irrevocably.

It was two years later. Lady Marshall was sitting in her drawing-room in Mayfair, talking seriously to her niece.

"Sir Neil Chester would be an excellent match, Maud. I am delighted he is coming to stay for a few days," she said. "I do hope you will make the best of your opportunities."

Maud smiled rather too confidently.

"From my previous experiences I don't think my task will be very difficult," she answered, taking a furtive look at her fair face in the glass.

"Perhaps not, if prettiness were the only matter in question. But your admirers have been only boys so far. Sir Neil is quite 30 years, and has traveled a great deal; indeed, it is only a few months since he came home from Africa. And a man does not only require his wife to be pretty—it is much more important to him if she is smart and charming; and you know," looking anxiously at her neice, "you do require a good deal of dressing. You look twice as well when your hair is properly done, and Elsie does not understand the shape of your head. You never look so nice as when that girl from Lascelle's in Bond street has dressed your hair. I really think that I shall have her round here every morning during Sir Neil's visit."

And as Maud was delighted with this idea she wrote off at once.

Sir Neil arrived about tea time, and Maud carried out her purpose and made the most of her opportunities. Chester had altered a great deal during these two years, for he was very bronzed and his hair was growing gray. There was also a stern expression on his face when in repose, and his features rarely relapsed into a smile. He wondered vaguely what had become of Alyne. Of course, she was married—had probably married that brute, Osbert Bowden. And his face would darken at the thought.

For he had never forgotten her. Often he would recall her face under the African skies, and sometimes he would think that she never loved him, while at others a regret would steal into his heart and he would wonder if he had been to precipitate.

And now he was back in England again, that regret grew and grew. Everything reminded him of her, and he would have gone down to her part of the country long ago to get news of her, had not his coward heart dreaded to find his fears confirmed that she was married.

He mounted the stairs in Lady Marshall's house a little wearily on his way up to dress for dinner—he was not looking forward to his few days' visit.

His thoughts were so far away that he did not notice a girlish figure coming down until she was quite close to him.

He stood aside at once to let her pass, and a cursory glance assuring him that she was pretty, he looked again, and his breath came quickly.

"Alyne!" he cried in a hoarse voice. "Alyne!"

The girl shivered a little, and for a moment her large violet eyes met his full.

"I did not think you would recognize me," she said, half nervously.

"Not recognize you?" he repeated, while his eyes devoured her face—that same face that had haunted him so long—paler, indeed, and thinner, but still, thank God, the same.

"Are you staying here?" he cried, eagerly.

A faint smile curved her lips.

"No! Oh, no!" she answered. "I have only come to dress Miss Marshall's hair. I am a hairdresser now, you know, with Lascelle's in Bond street."

"You!" he cried. "You a hairdresser. You—the daughter of the squire of Bandford? You are joking."

Her face was grave enough now.

"It is no joking matter to me," she said sadly. "My father has been dead more than a year," and she turned away to hide the tears that would come to her eyes.

"But—but—" he cried—"he was rich—"

Alyne interrupted him by putting up a warning hand, for the sound of an opening door upstairs fell on her ears.

"I must go," she said, hurriedly; "and please—please do not say that you have—have met me before. They know nothing about me, and perhaps it would prevent my coming here again;" and without a word of farewell, she hurried down the stairs.

"Alyne!" he cried. "Alyne!"

But she had disappeared, and with a groan of disappointment he ascended the staircase.

He was late for dinner that night. He was longing to ask about Alyne, but his tongue was tied. He could only glance at Maud's head and notice how much better looking she appeared with her hair artistically arranged.

He thought at first that he would go to Lascelle's in Bond street, and then he felt that it would be futile, and that he would never see Alyne, so he decided to wait until the evening, and if she did not come again he would write. The desire to see her and to talk to her grew stronger with every minute.

But she did come again, and again he met her on the staircase, not only once, but three succeeding days.

But she would never stay. He could never induce her to talk to him for more than a few minutes. He wanted to hear so much—there was such a great deal he could not understand. And she eluded him like a will-o'-the-wisp, until he grew angry and determined that it should come to an end.

The Marshalls were going to a fancy dress ball, and with great difficulty had pursuaded Sir Neil to go with them. There were many preparations to be made, and Maud and her aunt began dressing very early. However, they decided to leave the powdering of their heads until after dinner. Of course, Alyne was much in request, and was very busy with both their hairs and getting up of their faces. This was being done in Lady Marshall's little boudoir.

"Send word to Sir Neil to come in when he is ready; we want to see how he looks," she said to her maid.

And presently Chester came in. He looked very well in his costume of Edward I., and his eyes flashed with pleasure as they fell on Alyne. He had been considerably put out at not meeting her at the usual "rendezvous," and now scorned himself for not at once understanding that the hairdresser would be wanted later in the evening.

He watched her deft fingers as she put a little more rouge on Lady Marshall's cheeks, and scarcely noticed Maud's rapturous remarks about his own appearance.

"Aren't you shocked, Sir Neil," said Lady Marshall, playfully, "when you see how I am getting myself up?"

Chester smiled dreamily.

"Not at all," he said. "I am thinking of following your example. These gay-colored clothes and your wig make me look very pale, and I am sure that was not right for Edward I."

Alyne looked up startled. So far she had taken no notice of him at all. He determined to have his revenge.

"Of course—of course, you must be rouged," cried Lady Marshall. "You must come and sit in this chair, and Miss Fortescue shall do it for you."

Sir Neil gave a triumphant smile as he took the chair, but Alyne fidgeted with the powder boxes and did not turn her head.

"I don't think we have any too much time," he said, mildly.

"Indeed, no," cried Maud, "we ought to be off now. So be as quick as you can, Miss Fortescue."

So Alyne reluctantly took up the hare's foot and turned round. But still she would not meet his eyes. She only colored his cheeks a deeper bronze than they already were, but he could feel her hand tremble as she did it.

"And now," he said, "I think I should like my eyes accentuated a little with that sort of dark mark some women have."

Alyne drew a deep breath, and a glorious color mounted to her face as she took up the pencil. She was obliged to look into his eyes now. But what she saw there made her falter, and her hand fell to her side.

"I can't! Oh, I can't!" she murmured, only so that he could hear.

But perhaps something in her glance told him all he wanted to know, for he started from his chair at once.

"I have been 'got up' quite enough," he said, and there was a glad ring in his voice. "Ought we not to start?"

And so the three went downstairs and Lady Marshall bade good evening to Alyne, and told her that she had ordered her maid to take her some supper in her boudoir.

Alyne drew a deep breath as she heard the carriages roll away, but her tears were falling among the rouge pots, as she began to pack them away.

Ten minutes later she raised her head and listened, for a step was on the stairs—that step which had always the power to set her heart beating, and then in another moment "Edward I." stood in the doorway. For one second they looked at each other in silence—eye to eye and heart to heart, and then he held out his arms.

"Alyne!" he cried. "Is a stupid quarrel of two years ago to separate us for ever?"

And Alyne left her rouge pots and ran into his arms, and in the next moment was crying gently on his breast. But her tears were only tears of joy.

"It is not right," she cried at last, when he would allow her to speak, "it was different before, but now—now—you ought not to marry a hairdresser."

He laughed amusedly as he pressed a kiss on her dark head.

"If the whole world had altered, it would not matter much as long as Alyne was not different."

She glanced up at him shyly.

"I never thought you would go away," she whispered. "I never thought you would be so cruel."

"I was a jealous brute. I found out my mistake under the African sky. If it had been any one else but Bowden—"

She hid her head ashamedly.

"And you did quite right," she said. "He was a scoundrel. It was through him we lost all our money. He persuaded my father to invest in some bogus mine."

"Was it really? Then I abhor him still more, for it was through him you had to earn your living."

She sighed a long, deep sigh.

"It is over now," she said, and then looked up suddenly. "But why are you here?" she cried. "You ought to be at the dance. How was it you came back?"

He smiled.

"I had purposely left my sword behind," he said, "and King Edward could not appear without his sword."

"But you ought to go back," she said, reluctantly. "What will they think?"

"They may think what they like," contemptuously. "But I am not going until I have seen you home. Do you think after quarreling for two whole years it will only take five minutes to 'make it up?'"

And Alyne only smiled. She was too happy to protest any more.—Ledger Monthly.

The Secret of It.

A short time ago a benevolent visitor remarked on the quiet peacefulness of an aged rustic's fireside, pointing especially to the friendliness of the cat and the dog. The old man looked askance at his wife. "Aye, aye," he said, "but you just take and tie 'em together and then you'll see."—London Globe.

PITH AND POINT.

Never belittle your own acts. People are very apt to take you at your estimate.—Chicago Daily News.

When a girl is forever discovering that a fellow's tie is out of plumb and volunteering to fix it for him, it is safe to propose.—Los Angeles Herald.

"Poker! Why is it called poker, I wonder?" "Well, it seems to be a device for playing with fire, for one thing."—Detroit Journal.

A woma nis always urging the men to be more truthful, and is always putting them in a position where they have to tell stories or be brutal.—Atchison Globe.

Mr. Park Slope — "Do you believe that the doctors will agree that after all salt is the elixir of life?" Mr. Midwood—"Never! It's too cheap!"—Brooklyn Eagle.

House Hunter—"But tell me, is this a healthy neighborhood?" Dr. Brown—"Tolerably. Only a few of the families have fallen into the chafing-dish habit, I believe."—Boston Transcript.

"I couldn't make a fire in the heater the whole winter," grumbled the tenant. "Then you must have saved lots of money on coal. I'm afraid I'll have to raise the rent." — Philadelphia Times.

Gilpin—"I saw a nice, kind lady give a poor little boy a nickel this morning." Mrs. Gilpin—"Dear, sweet creature." Mr. Gilpin—"Yes, the poor kid carried her three satchels a mile in the rain."—Ohio State Journal.

Not Just as He Meant.—"I've promised to go in to supper with some one else, Mr. Blanque; but I'll introduce you to a very handsome and clever girl." "But I don't want a handsome and clever girl; I want you."—American Agriculturist.

WHY HIS HAIR TURNED WHITE

Colonel Dan Casey's Tale of His Nerve Testing Experience with Indians.

One night lately a party of old-time New Mexicans accidentally met here, and after talking over old times they proceeded to congratulate each other on their youthful appearance. Col. D. C. Casey, superintendent of the Medler mines, was one of the group. Some one remarked that while the spring of youth seemed to abide with the colonel, the frosts of winter had silvered his erstwhile raven locks, says the Clifton Era.

"Well," said the colonel, "I'll tell you how it happened, boys, and I never told the story before. It was the year that Judge McComas and his wife were killed by the Indians in Burro mountains—'83 or '84, I have forgotten which. It was some time after that event, however, when things had quieted down a bit. I had been in the hills for some time and was returning to Silver City through the Burro mountains, and, of course, was on the lookout for Indians. My horse became sick and I stopped to let him rest. I pulled off the saddle, tied him to a tree, spread out my blankets and lay down. I was soon fast asleep, but how long I slept I do not know. I was awakened by some one prodding me in the back. As soon as my eyes were open I saw that I was surrounded by 12 or 15 Indians. They all carried Long Toms and had them in their hands. Well, sir, I was so badly scared that I could not speak or move—I was paralyzed. I sat there and looked at the Indians and they looked at me. I felt my hair straighten out, and I knew that it was standing straight up. I thought of every mean thing that I had done in all my life. Pray? No, I couldn't lift a hand to bless myself. I knew that they would kill me and my only hope was that they would shoot me. I could almost feel their lances sticking through my body. It seemed to me that they stood there an age and looked at me and I looked at them. Their ugly mugs are stamped on my memory forever. I would recognize any one of them in a crowd to-day if I should meet him. Soon I noticed two or three other Indians fooling with my horse, as he was too sick to try to get away from them. Presently they commenced to go, one at a time, and soon they were all gone but one, who seemed to be the boss of the outfit. After they had all gone he addressed me in good English, and said: 'Good day, Dan Casey.' How he knew my name has always been a mystery to me. He may have seen me on the reservation, or possibly my name may have been on some part of my outfit and he could read, as many of them can.

"After he had gone I still sat there so badly scared that I was unable to move for I don't know how long. I thought they would come back and would kill me should I attempt to get up. Then, like a flash of lightning, it came to me that they were government scouts I leaped to my feet, threw the saddle onto my horse, and although he was sick I am sure that I beat all records in covering distance to Silver City. I felt so good when I got into town that I 'set 'em up' to everybody. I told them it was my birthday and that I never was so happy in all my life, and that was the truth. I have been blown up in a mine, have had my body crushed and filled with dynamite caps, which kept the doctors busy for a week picking them out, but I never was scared before or since. There is no scare on earth like that of an Indian scare. Well, inside of a week from that time my hair was well sprinkled with gray, and inside of a year it was as white as it is to-day."

Jumping Fly.

A curious lantern fly, discovered by naturalists in the Malay archipelago, possesses the power of jumping a distance of several feet without opening its wings. It has a projection on its head which, when bent back and suddenly released, throws the insect into the air. This fly was seen to jump from the ground to the roof of a hut.—Science.

A Great Snap.

It must have been a great snap to have lived in the days of Noah. A man was well posted then if he knew the tribe living over the next mountain, and had all the history of the world at his finger ends if he could name his grandfather.—Atchison Globe.

Interested.

"What do you think of Mr. Hardhit's execution?" said Miss Gushly at the soiree musicale.

"I hadn't heard of it," said old Growly, "but I think it's a good idea; when does the hanging take place?"—Pick-Me-Up.

STOOD UP FOR MISSOURI.

But Ex-Sheriff Glenn Found It Expensive to Be Taken for a Millionaire.

Missouri is great among the nations because of her many bright sons. Other states may beat her on science, poetry and song, but few have men of mighty nerve like the imperial old state of the middle west, declares an admiring chronicler in the Macon Republican. Ex-Sheriff A. J. Glenn returned to Macon recently from Hot Springs, Ark., whither he had been in quest of relaxation and something to drink that would beat Col. "'Lige" Harp's tonics. On the morning after his arrival, his stock of five-cent Missouri fillers having run out, he stepped into a gorgeous establishment and asked the price of some Havanas.

"Twenty-five and 30 cents," responded the affable clerk, without displacing an eyelash.

During election times in Missouri Glenn sometimes went as high as ten cents when he wanted to do the thing right, but generally the victims of his generosity were lucky to get a fiver. But he didn't let on. He looked critically at the two brands handed out for his inspection, as if deciding upon a couple of boxes of the 30-cent kind, and then said:

"Have you any good cigars?"

"Why, these are good," said the clerk.

"And only 30 cents apiece?" asked the Missourian. "Why, up in Missouri only the kids smoke these cigars. Now, if you had any imported goods that you could retail at 50 or 75 cents straight, and they are a pretty fair article, I might get a couple of dozen on trial, but these cheap goods make me sick."

The story went around that a Missouri millionaire had come to town, and everywhere Glenn went he could not fail to observe the awe his appearance created. It was nice, and he enjoyed it. In the evening he stepped into a large hotel to look over the papers and chat with friends. While there he gave a street gamin the job of shining his shoes. It was a heavy one, but the kid did the work all right. When it was through Glenn reached in his pocket and inquired the price. "Six bits," said the shiner. A dozen pairs of eyes were directed at the Missourian. All wanted to see whether he was the real thing or not, and the Macon man knew it. He put up the 75 cents just like a man who had as much more in his pocket. It was pretty hard to do, but something had to be done to hold up Missouri. A few minutes after he edged around to the hotel clerk and said:

"May I ask you a question in confidence?"

"Do you want to borrow any money?"

"No, it ain't that."

"Fire away, then."

"What's the usual price to pay for getting your shoes shined in this town?"

"Ten cents."

"That all?"

"Yes, that's all."

And then he came back to Missouri.

THE MAIDU MUSICAL BOW.

Rare Form of the Instrument Used by Northern Californin Indians.

In view of the present discussion in regard to the existence of the musical bow in America, and of its independent development on this continent, the occurrence (quite rare at present, however) of a form of this instrument among the Maidu Indians of northern California appears worthy of a brief note, says Roland P. Dixon, in Science.

The bow as used by the Maidu is a simple bow of cedar, some 2½ feet in length, at present strung with wire, but formerly with a fine sinew cord. In playing the instrument it is held in the left hand (the thumb grasping the center of the bow, thumb inside and palm facing forward), the bow extending horizontally to the left. The right-hand end of the bow is placed in the open mouth, and the bowstring tapped rapidly with a small flexible twig held in the right hand. By varying the size of the resonance chamber (the mouth) with the aid of the tongue, and by opening or closing the mouth to a greater or less extent, notes are produced as in a jewsharp. The tones are, however, very faint, and are audible only at a short distance.

The use of this bow, known as "kawotone panda," is restricted to the medicine men or shamans, and other persons are rarely allowed to see and never allowed to touch the instrument. The sacredness of this bow, the fact that it is used by the medicine men only in communicating with and praying to the "kukini" or spirits, and that its manufacture is accompanied by ceremonial observances, including the rubbing of the bow with human blood—all seem to point to the bow as being of native origin. The limited contact of these Indians with the negro, and the place held by the instrument in the religious life of the people, here as well as elsewhere in America, would seem to militate against the view that the musical bow is on this continent the result of acculturation.

Better If He Had.

Coming home rather late one night old Jones discovered a country yokel with a lantern standing by the kitchen door.

"Young man," said he, "what are you doing here?"

"I've come a-courting, sur."

"A-courting? What do you mean?"

"Well, I'm a follower of Mary, the kitchen maid, sur."

"Do you usually carry a lantern when you are on such errands?" asked the old man, sarcastically.

"Yes, sur, always."

"Don't tell me such nonsense. You had better be off quickly — courting with a lantern, indeed! In my young days I never used such a thing."

"No, sur," replied the yokel, sidling off, "judging by yer missus, I shouldn't think yer did."—London King.

Sovereigns in India.

The sovereign has never been a popular coin in India. Among the wealthier natives who have not yet learned to trust the yellow metal as currency the idea of turning a sovereign into ornaments, such as earrings and brooches, has recently become a fad.—N. Y. Sun.

BOSS PLATT'S RULE.

Sudden Ending of the New York Republican King's Reign Has Come to Pass.

For so long a time had Thomas Collier Platt ruled without influential opposition in the counsels of the republican party in New York city and state that for many years past he has been accepted by all save a few thousand independents, with republican affiliations or leanings or longings, as the autocratic ruler of the party during the remainder of his natural life. The independents have once or twice started a revolt against his dominance, but without other results than to draw upon themselves still larger measures of his scorn and hatred. They have been constant in bitter censure of him and have held him up to ridicule as one of small intellect and narrow intelligence, performing political antics before the country and high heaven. But all this censure and this ridicule has been uniformly—until now—drowned in the louder chorus of adulation by the faithful.

The truth is that Thomas Collier Platt's intellect is not small and his intelligence is not narrow. The most detractive thing that can be said of him in his presumptuous role of statesman is that he has a mercantile mind, with a fondness for and grasp of details, together with an ignorance of or contempt for great principles of state. Ill health defrauded him of the higher education and while still a youth he took up with a mercantile life. He succeeded, and had soon money enough to enter the banking business. At the same time he conducted lumber interests of his own in Michigan, but not to the neglect of his political interests.

As a budding politician it was in his favor that his home was in Oswego—in that part of New York state where Roscoe Conkling needed a trusty friend and ally. He was elected in 1872 and reelected in 1874 to congress. Mr. Conkling was then serving his first term in the senate. In Washington the two men formed an alliance, offensive and defensive, according to the secret terms of which they were to endeavor to control the federal patronage for New York, and also the state patronage. All things went smoothly with them till about 1879, when their enemies made an attempt to take control of the republican state convention and set up a new order of proceeding. Mr. Platt was a delegate in that convention, in which it was for a day undecided on which side the majority was, but so skillful was his management that he brought the majority over to him and was himself made the chairman of the convention. Conkling was indorsed, the organization perpetuated in his and Platt's hands, and the next winter the legislature reelected Conkling to the senate. In 1881 Platt's election to the senate was dictated by his friend and partner in politics. But then arose the quarrel between them and President Garfield over the patronage, and, being worsted in that quarrel, they both resigned from the senate.

The partnership between the two men ended when they failed in their endeavors at Albany to be returned to the seats they had haughtily vacated.

Mr. Conkling thenceforward eschewed politics, but Mr. Platt continued to play the game. His talent for details enabled him soon to get control of the organization of his party, and, exercising that control, he managed to bring to his support many of the great corporations of the state and all the corrupt influences of his own party and many of the corrupt influences of the opposing party in New York city. Then he became the acknowledged "boss" of the New York republicans and one of less than half a dozen bosses of the republican party of the entire country. In 1897 he had himself elected to the United States senate. Since that time he has been a terror and a burden to Mr. McKinley and his administration.

And now the supposed impossible has suddenly come to pass. Mr. Platt is defied at both Washington and Albany, and the whole country resounds with the announcement that the rule of "Boss" Platt is ended. But—"the boss is dead; long live the boss"—some other politician of nearly the same stamp will arise to fill the place from which he has been so suddenly hurled. One cannot conceive of the republican party without its boss in the Empire state!—Chicago Chronicle.

PARAGRAPHIC POINTERS.

——Pierpont Morgan's great railway trust will doubtless do its best to clear the track for republican victory in 1904.—St. Louis Republic.

——Senator Hanna says the Ohio elections were nothing but local affairs. Very true, and it is unfortunate indeed that Mr. Hanna's party was so uniformly on the side that did not suit the people who did the voting.—Minneapolis Times.

——Under our exclusive laws of trade we have abdicated whatever rights we possessed by reason of our geographical position to the commerce of our sister republics. So complete has become the commercial estrangement that the stars and stripes is seldom seen in a South American harbor, and the language of the United States is there a foreign tongue.—St. Paul Globe.

——An unreconstructed editor wants to know if President McKinley did not once say that forcible annexation would be criminal aggression. Guess he did, but our contemporary takes too serious a view of the matter. That was intended to "go" only as a piece of phrase-making. Notice the rhetorical swing, and rhetoric is two-thirds of the battle with the present administration.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

——The trust and anti-trust questions will probably be the strongest in the campaign of 1904, with economy in public expenditures as a strong second. The democratic party will be on the right side of these issues, and the chances seem to be good that it will win. There will be a revolt against an excessively high tariff and undue power of the executive as to outlying possessions, but the burning subjects will be the two first named.—Kansas City Times.

A PHILANTHROPIC POLICY.

Unself Interest of the Protectionists in the Poor Foreigner Is Something Wonderful.

A most philanthropic policy is this of ours—this taxing ourselves for the benefit of the foreigner. A time was once when the philanthropic character of this policy could not be demonstrated, but that time is long since past. Example after example can now be marshaled to prove our unselfish interest in the poor foreigner who will consent to use our goods. To illustrate this, we will take the iron industry. We take this only because there is a movement on foot among the more liberal republicans to open it up to foreign competition because it is in a trust. A well-known contractor of New York, Charles Thullen by name, obtained a contract from the Russian government to furnish steel rails for a portion of the great Trans-Siberian railroad. He sought prices from the Federal Steel company, which gave him $35 per ton, with freight charges to be added. This price, so far as Mr. Thullen was concerned, was prohibitive. He went to the Carnegie Steel company, but could not get the price shaved. In despair he went to England and sublet his contract to an English firm. That firm sent to the United States for prices and obtained the phenomenal figures of $24 per ton delivered in Russia. The deal was closed and the rails sold by the English firm to Mr. Thullen at $35 per ton delivered in Russia. Mr. Thullen was thus enabled to go on with his contract after being compelled to pay a British firm a bonus of $11 per ton because he was so unfortunate as to be an American citizen.

The question suggests itself to many ordinary minds, how can these steel companies sell to a foreigner steel rails $11 cheaper than to an American and deliver them in Russia to boot? There must be something "rotten in the state of Denmark," when the home market is taxed to such an extent in order that the foreigner may buy at his own price. Or, is it philanthropy? We are, however, not alone in this work of relieving the foreigner. Germany, which has adopted the American idea of tariff, is engaged to a great extent in the same charitable business.

Herr Krupp and Baron von Stumm have, under the German tariff laws, a monopoly of the armor plate industry. They hold up that government for $580 per ton, which is $100 more than the steel companies of the United States are able to get out of Uncle Samuel. And to make the hold-up more apparent it appears that Herr Krupp and Mr. Harvy receive a royalty of $35.50 per ton on the American manufactured plate. This juicy monopoly allows the German armor plate trust to "compete in the markets of the world." Not Jones, in this case, but the German nation pays the freight. On account of this extortion the German reichstag proposes either to remove the tariff or construct government works, as the difference would amount to the enormous sum of $15,000,000 in the construction of the proposed new navy of the empire.

In the face of many such demonstrations of the workings of a tariff law that is out of date, the great majority of the republican "statesmen" are dead against the Babcock bill to remove the tariff from iron and steel products. Wonderful, indeed, are the workings of the human mind.—St. Paul Globe.

AS TO CIVIL SERVICE.

Serious Blow Dealt the Institution by Acts of the Administration.

That the repeated attacks on the civil service policy pursued by President McKinley have not been without a solid basis of fact the recently published reports of different reform leagues seem to prove beyond dispute.

Every means has apparently been taken to break down the barriers which kept unfit persons out of office. Some of the data given are startling. On March 3, 1897, approximately 86,000 positions were in the classified service, while 92,000, including 5,000 presidential officers, several thousand laborers and other miscellaneous classes and the great army of fourth-class postmasters, remained unclassified.

In spite of the renewed declarations of the republican national platform that "the law should be thoroughly and honestly" enforced and extended wherever possible, the contrary has been the practice. "The progress of the reform," says one report, "in its application to the federal service has, in brief, been seriously checked."

The president's famous order of May 29, 1899, was the most serious blow dealt civil service reform by this administration. Through the operations of this order about 4,000 places were removed from the competitive to the "excepted" list; about 6,000 more from the classified to the unclassified service; many appointments previously made under the law were invalidated; and the rules governing transfers, reinstatements and removals were weakened so as to permit new and serious abuses. All these things served to make the order the first great reduction in the area of the merit system since the act of 1883 was passed.

In other ways, the law has not been observed. Many irregular appointments have been made. Objections addressed to the heads of departments and even to the president himself have remained unanswered, the irregularly appointed men holding their positions. Many "war emergency" appointments were made. On August 1, 1899, the number of these appointments was known to be at least 1,042. This despite the fact that 6,180 names were on the lists of eligible clerks.

Altogether, the reform leagues find that much work will be necessary to regain lost ground. The prospect is not encouraging. Where the law has been trampled upon with such impunity, despite public sentiment, there is little reason to believe that obedience will come in the next four years.—St. Louis Republic.

——It touches Mark Hanna in a tender spot to be told that he spent $100,000 to defeat a candidate who was not defeated.—N. Y. World.